

Steven Strange by ohmybgosh

Series: [this could be the place \[9\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy offers Steve a ride home

Steven Strange

Author's Note:

Prompt from tumblr: "I'm not sure if you are accepting prompts rn (and I hope I'm doing this right bc I've never asked for prompts bfore, sorry if I'm not!), but if you are, could I ask for a fic where Steve accidentally calls the little gang "my kids" in front of Billy or maybe to Billy? If you don't mind tho! Thanks >.<"

This was such a cute prompt ^^ also after I wrote this an anon said Billy should call Steve "Steven Strange" and be kind of embarrassed about it because he doesn't want Steve to know he's a Nerd, and I totally agree! One day Steve would respond "I am the Sorcerer Supreme." So that's what the title is for!

“Harrington!”

Steve gritted his teeth. He kept walking, ignoring the car that inched along beside him. He ducked his head in the chilly wind and shoved his hands in his pockets. His car was getting new tires, and it wouldn't be done until the next morning, which meant he was walking home because he was too stubborn to accept a ride from Jonathan Byers. Nancy insisted it was fine and wasn't awkward, even though Steve always saw them smooching in Jonathan's car before school, after school, and sometimes sneaking out at study hall.

He had said it was fine; and it was, he'd get over it. But it still sucked.

“Harrington!”

Steve walked faster. The Camaro revved and Steve started jogging.

“Haaaarrington!”

“What do you want?” Steve yelled, giving up and slowing down. The

Camaro stopped beside him. He watched Billy through the open passenger window, cutting the engine and leaning over to grin at Steve, around half-smoked cigarette.

“Need a ride?”

Steve stared at him. That was... unexpected?

Billy was ten thousand times better than he had been ever since Max nearly fixed him with Steve’s bat. And Billy had apologized to Steve for beating the shit out of Steve, but it didn’t sound sincere, because he had done it during practice, got all up in Steve’s face, sweaty and shirtless, said “sorry for beating the shit out of you. That was a dick move”, and then checked Steve with his shoulder, stole the ball, and darted off, scoring with a swish of the net. So Billy was still an asshole, still grated on Steve’s nerves.

“No?” he said. It was cold, a biting pre-winter day at the end of November. It was also 5 o’clock, already nearly night. But he’d rather get frostbite than get in a car with Billy Hargrove behind the wheel.

“You sure?” Billy took a long drag from his cigarette, blowing smoke out the side of his mouth and running his tongue over his bottom lip. Steve’s eyes tracked the movement. His face heated up; stupid Billy Hargrove and his stupid Camaro and that stupid thing he did with his tongue when he knew Steve was looking.

Steve shivered.

Billy smiled. “Hop in, Harrington. You’re gonna get pneumonia out here.”

“So kind of you to care.” Steve hesitated, glancing up at the sky. It was very dark now, and he hated walking in the dark alone, because shadows and sounds were always distorted in the night, like demogorgon cries and Mind Flayer vines, and even though he wasn’t afraid (he wasn’t!) he still didn’t like walking alone. It was another two miles to his house.

He sighed heavily and pulled open the door, sliding into the passenger seat. Billy was grinning at him, like a shark at a tiny little

guppy. Steve ignored him, staring ahead and buckling his seatbelt. Billy laughed at that, and of fucking course Billy, who drove like a maniac, didn't wear his seatbelt.

Billy still stared at him, with that creepy smile, one hand smoothing over the steering wheel. Steve, fidgeting under those piercing eyes, coughed.

"Um, it's two miles up here. My house, I mean." His stomach was starting to flutter with nerves and he wrapped his arms around his waist, as if to hold it all in.

"I know," Billy laughed, and Steve snapped his head up, eyes wide, and then Billy started the engine, slammed his foot on the gas, and they fucking flew. Steve most certainly did not scream - it was more of a terrified yelp. He gripped the edges of his seat, knuckles white.

Billy whooped, punched the stereo on, and Rock You Like A Hurricane shook the speakers.

Steve gulped. He missed his Beamer, his Phil Collins, and the safety of being the one behind the wheel.

"Can you slow down?" he shouted, feeling his heart in his throat as Billy barreled around a turn.

"Am I too much for you, King Steve?" Billy yelled back, laughing. Steve watched the speedometer creep from 60 to 70.

"Slow down!" he cried, cringing as they barely scraped by a mailbox on the shoulder of the road. Billy laughed harder, head tipped back, one hand on the wheel, the other hanging out the open window, cigarette still burning in his fingers. He slowed, though, easing passed 60 and into 50.

Steve breathed deeply, feeling nauseous. He watched Billy reach over to turn the music down. Steve ears were ringing.

"Do you always drive like an idiot?" he asked, and his voice shook just the tiniest bit, but he didn't think Billy noticed.

"Fuck you, I'm a great driver," Billy said easily, flippantly. He took a

drag of his cigarette.

Steve shook his head. "My kids said once you almost ran them over on their bikes."

Billy stared at him and Steve, realizing a second too late, felt his face going red. Did he just say "my kids"? Stupid. He had a knack for speaking without thinking first.

"Your kids?" Billy's voice had that edge to it, the teasing, taunting tone he used to distract Steve in basketball practice.

"No," Steve snapped, wincing when Billy laughed. "Shut up, Hargrove."

Billy chuckled for another minute, wiping his eyes. Steve glared at the road ahead. He wasn't ashamed; he loved those kids, even though they were little shitheads. But Billy knowing was just annoying, because now he wouldn't leave Steve alone about it, would tell Tommy and everyone else at school. Which Steve didn't care about anymore, but it was just another thing he didn't want to deal with.

There was a long silence, in which he refused to look at Billy. He was surprised, therefore, when Billy cleared his throat, his words startling Steve.

"Is Max one of your kids?"

Steve stared at him. Billy, now, was the one who wouldn't make eye contact. He watched the road, lips taugth in a thin line. He flicked the cigarette butt out the window.

"I - yeah, kinda," Steve said quietly. It was true; Max had made her own place in the gang, with Lucas at her side.

He liked Max. She was spunky. Cool. She liked to make fun of his hair and the fact that he didn't know how to skateboard.

"Oh."

Steve watched him curiously. Billy glared ahead, gripped the wheel tightly with both hands. His shoulders looked tense. His eyes gave it

away, though, for when he slowed to a crawl, turning his head slightly when he spun the wheel, his eyes flicked over Steve's face, and Steve saw something there that looked sad. It surprised him, so much that he stared at Billy while the Camaro rolled to a halt, and kept staring until Billy snapped at him.

"What?" He pointed ahead. "This is you, isn't it?"

Steve started, glanced up. Billy was parked at the end of Steve's driveway.

"Oh, yeah. It's me." He unbuckled slowly, moved to open the door, then paused.

"I'm not close with Max y'know. Not like she's my sister or anything." He didn't know what made him say it, but as soon as he did he didn't regret it, because Billy looked over at him, his eyes shiny, and Steve's heart fluttered a little bit, because the prospect of Billy caring about something was...appealing. He wasn't sure what to do with that information.

"Right," Billy said quietly. Steve wanted to say more, to say Max was great and Billy should work on spending more time with her, but his mind actually stopped his mouth for once. Don't push it. Something told him to slow down, wait it out.

Billy glanced at him, mouth tugging up at the corner. "You're kinda strange, Harrington."

Steve smiled; Steve shrugged. "Guess so."

He stepped out into the cold. He shut the door, then leaned over, smiled at Billy through the open window, resting one arm on the side of the car.

"Thanks. For the ride," he said.

"Yeah." Billy waved him off, his wide grin plastered over his face once again, as if the previous conversation had never happened. "See ya later, Strange Steve."

Steve chuckled, surprised. His name sounded foreign in Billy's voice.

In a nice way.

“Later.” He backed away, lifted his hand in goodbye. Billy was already on his way out, tires spinning on the gravel.

Steve stood there for a long time, staring at the space the Camaro had been, running over the words in his mind. He thought of the way Billy said his name, and he shivered, not sure whether or not it had anything to do with the cold.

He finally jogged inside when he could no longer feel his toes.